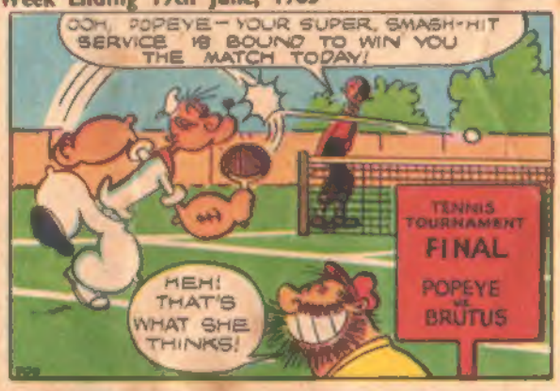
TV LAUGHS GALORE COMIC

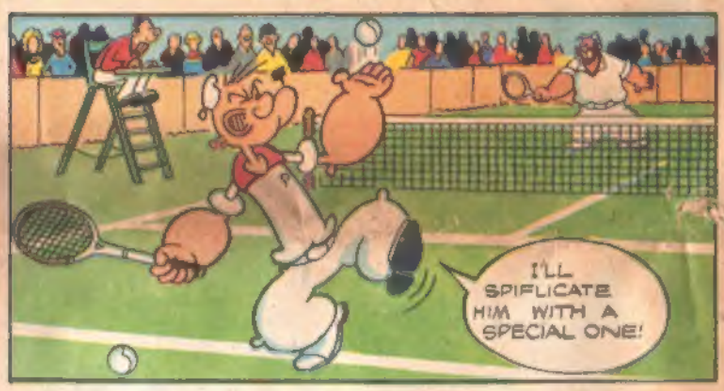
INCLUDING: Beetle Bailey, TV Terrors and The Telegoons

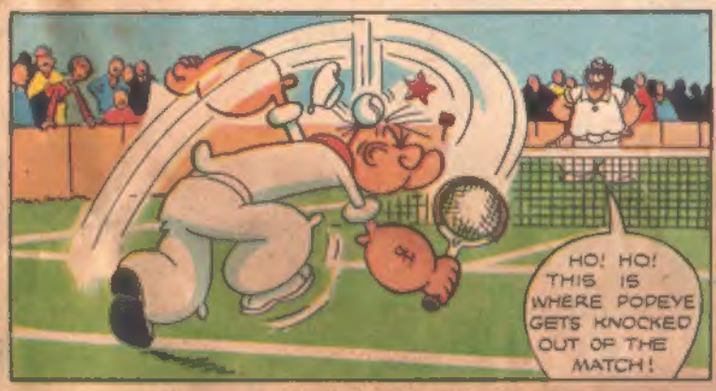
6D

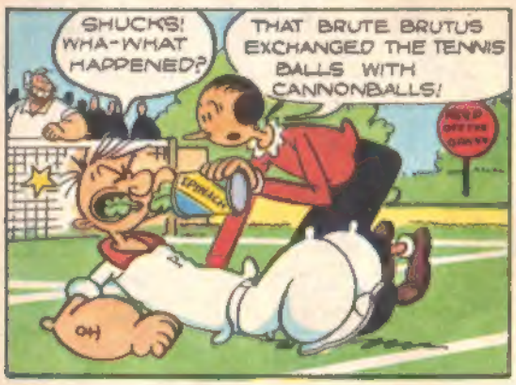
Every Monday | Week Ending 19th June, 1965 | Number 705

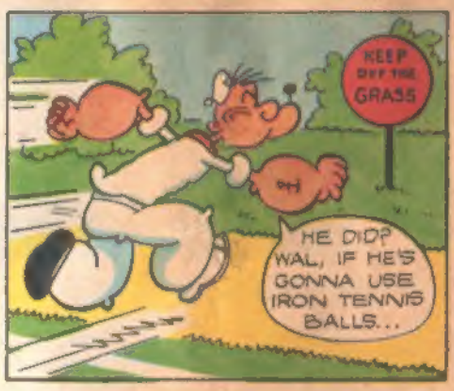
POPEYE

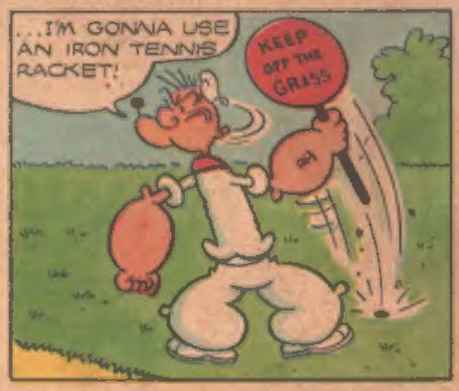

OOH, POPEYE—YOUR SUPER, SMASH-HIT SERVICE IS BOUND TO WIN YOU THE MATCH TODAY!
TENNIS TOURNAMENT FINAL POPEYE vs BRUTUS
MEH! THAT'S WHAT SHE THINKS!

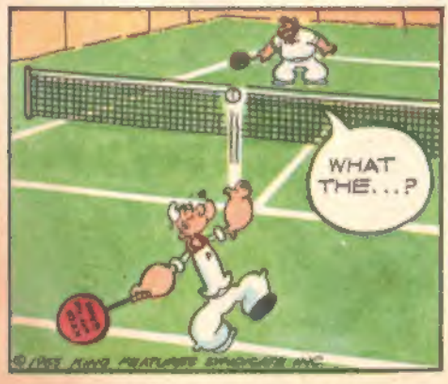


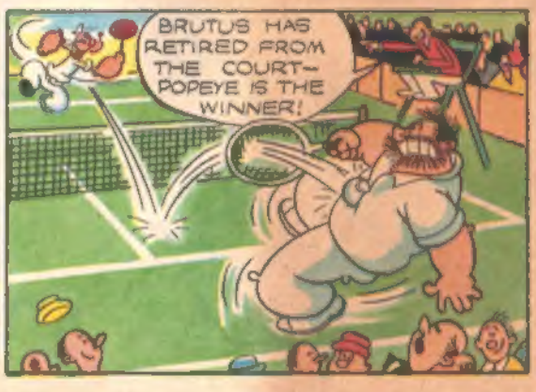






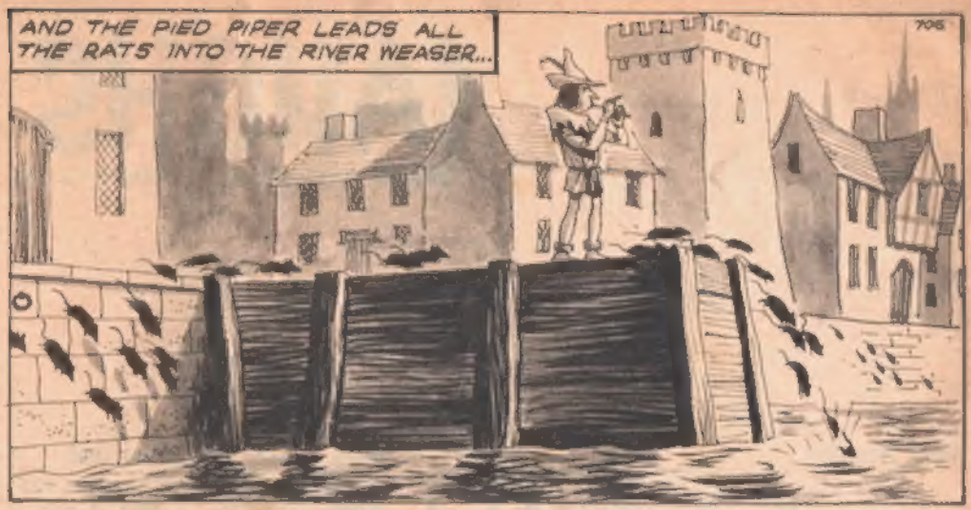






DOCTOR WHO

MANY years ago, Hamelin town was overrun with rats, and as everyone knows, the mayor of that town promised to pay a pied piper one thousand guilders to get rid of them.



TAKE CARE! I'M THE WRONG MAN TO BE CHEATED! PAY UP BEFORE I PLAY A TUNE YOU WILL NOT LIKE!
BEGONE! AND BLOW YOUR PIPE AS LONG AS YOU LIKE!

THE PIED PIPER TURNS AWAY AND DOES PLAY ANOTHER TUNE. THIS TIME ALL THE CHILDREN FOLLOW HIM OUT OF TOWN, AND INTO NEARBY KOPPELBERG HILL...

BUT SOON THE CHILDREN GROW TIRED OF THESE PLEASURES, AND COME TO THINKING OF THEIR PARENTS, AND THEY TRY TO FIND THEIR OWN WAY HOME ...

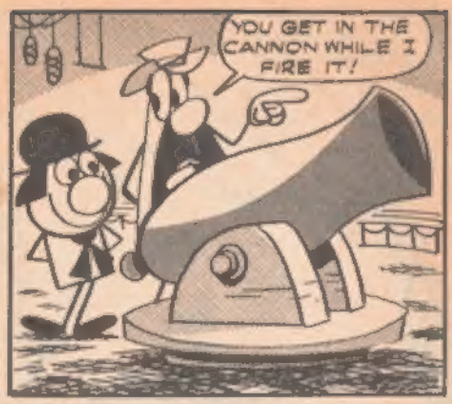
© BBC tv 1965

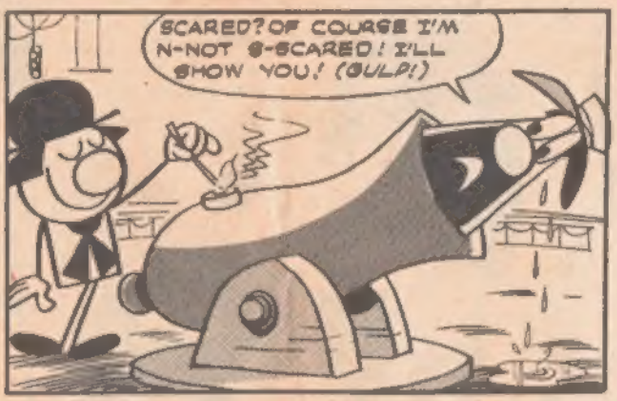
BUT IT IS WHILST WALKING THROUGH A BARLEY-SUGAR GROVE THAT THE LOST CHILDREN FIND YET ANOTHER STRANGE AND WONDERFUL OBJECT... THE SPACESHIP TARDIS!
AND THE OCCUPANTS OF TARDIS ARE JUST AS MYSTIFIED AT WHAT THEY SEE, AS ARE THE CHILDREN OUTSIDE!
WE'VE LANDED IN A STRANGE PLACE THIS TIME, GRANDFATHER!
H'M! IT LOOKS AS IF WE'RE IN THE MIDDLE AGES!
DR. WHO OPENS THE DOOR AND STEPS OUTSIDE...
DON'T BE FRIGHTENED, DON'T RUN AWAY! JUST TELL ME WHO YOU ARE!
WE ARE ALL CHILDREN FROM HAMELIN TOWN AND WE ARE TRYING TO FIND OUR WAY HOME!
THESE MUST BE THE CHILDREN WHO FOLLOWED THE PIED PIPER!
DR WHO QUICKLY EXPLAINS THE STORY OF THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN TO HIS CHILDREN, WHO HAD NOT HEARD IT BEFORE...
WON'T THIS PIED PIPER SHOW YOU THE WAY HOME?
WE CAN'T ASK HIM!
HE LIVES IN THAT BLACK CASTLE, AND WE ARE TOO FRIGHTENED TO GO NEAR IT! IT IS SURROUNDED BY MAGIC!
DR WHO BECOMES VERY ANGRY...
HE'S NO RIGHT TO KEEP YOU AWAY FROM YOUR PARENTS - EVEN IF HE IS THE PIED PIPER!
HE STAMPS BACK INTO THE TARDIS AND BEGINS TO FILL A HAVERSACK...
I'LL JUST PACK A FEW THINGS, AND WE'LL PAY THIS PIED PIPER A VISIT.... MAGIC OR NO MAGIC!
NEVILLE MAIN

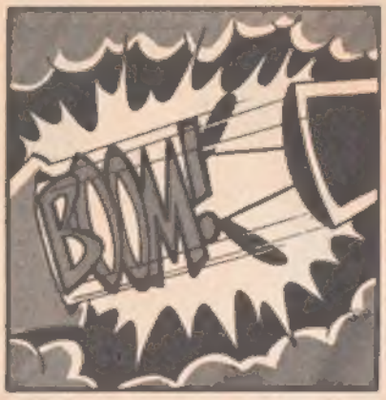
Dr. Who also appears in TV Comic Holiday Special—ON SALE NOW

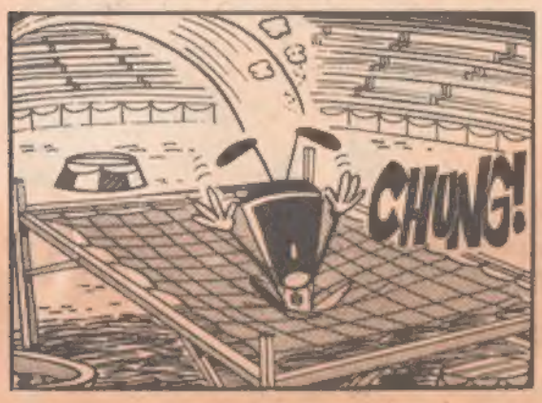
Foo Foo and GOGO

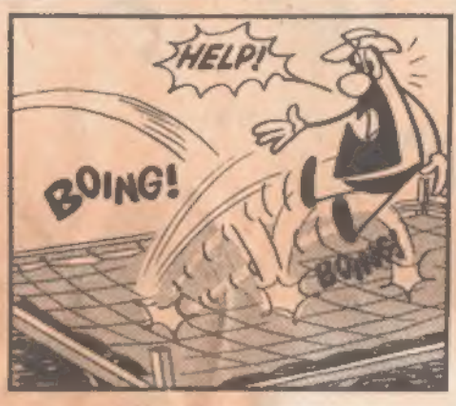
BY HALAS AND BATCHELOR

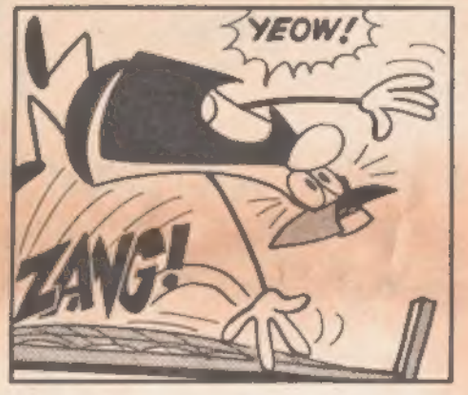


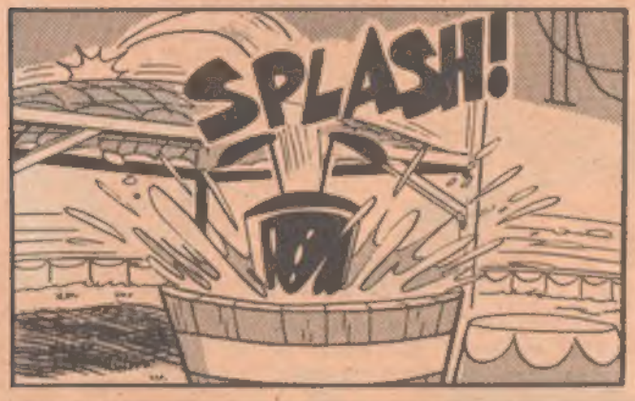


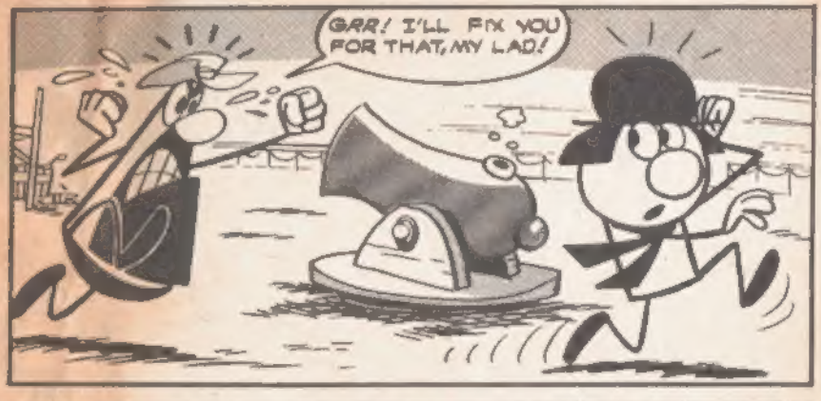


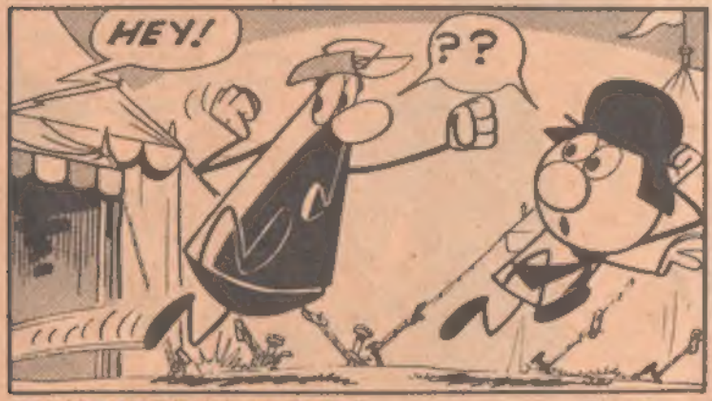


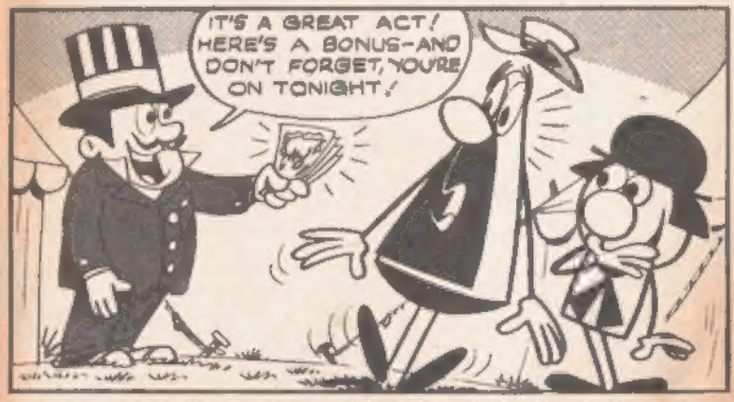








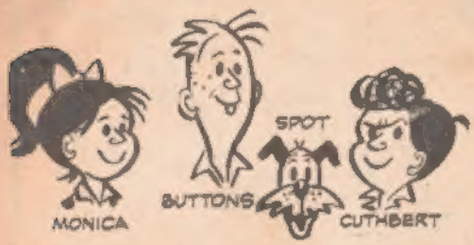


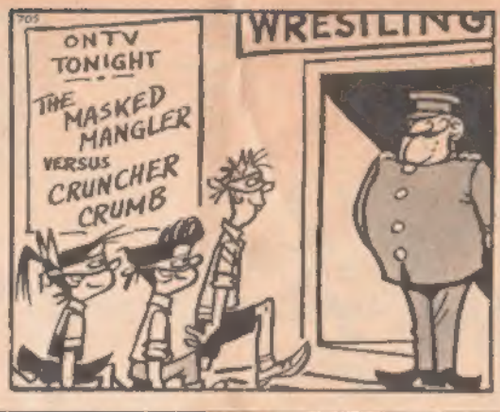


Adapted from ABC Television's series "Foo Foo".

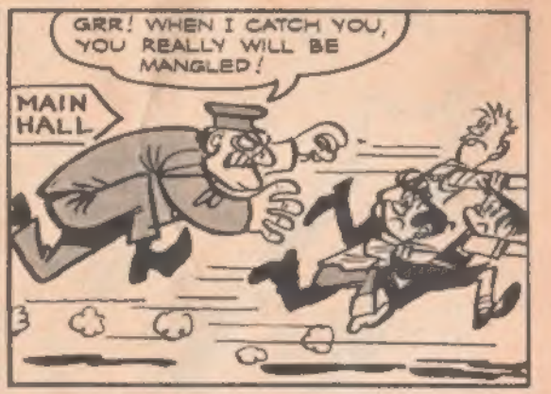
Foo Foo also appears in TV Comic Holiday Special—ON SALE NOW

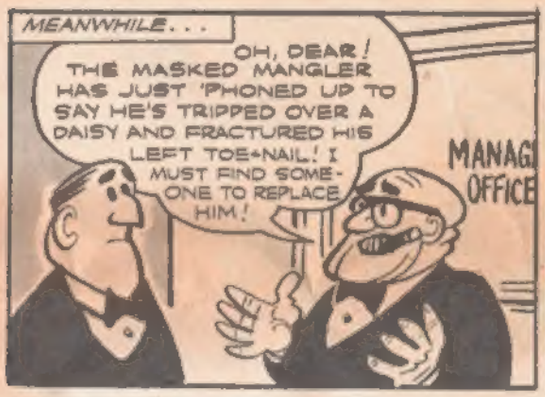
TV TERRORS

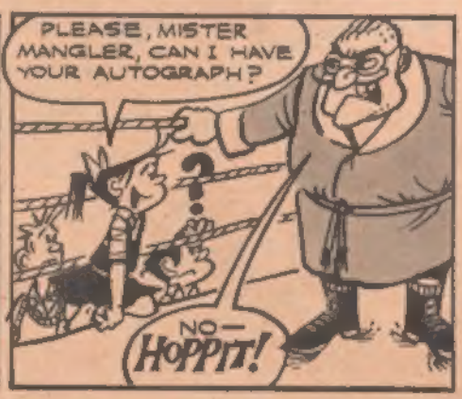


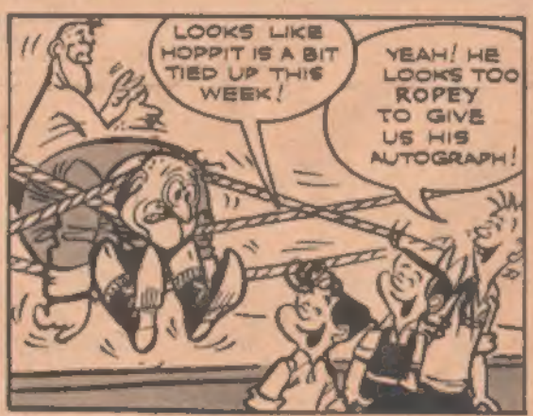


HOPPIT, YOU KIDS! YOU'RE NOT COMING IN HERE!
OH YES WE ARE— WE'RE THE MASKED MANGLER'S CHILDREN AND HE'LL BASH YOU IF YOU DON'T LET US IN!



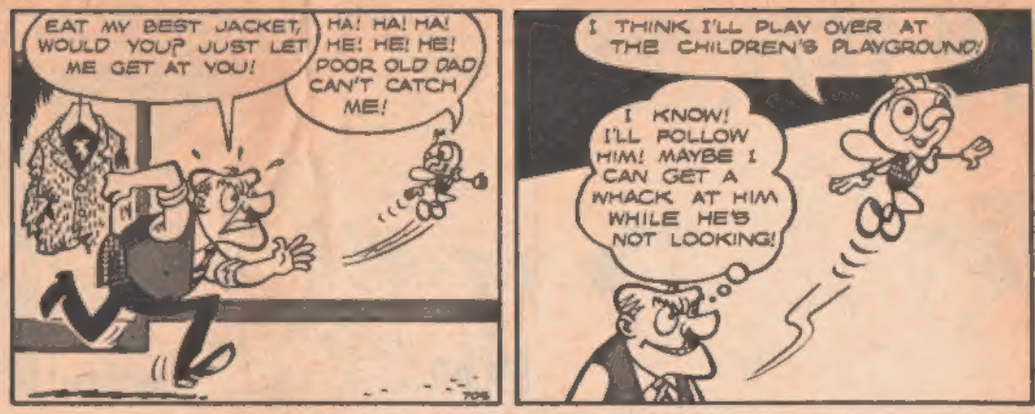

MEANWHILE...
OH, DEAR! THE MASKED MANGLER HAS JUST 'PHONED UP TO SAY HE'S TRIPPED OVER A DAISY AND FRACTURED HIS LEFT TOE-NAIL! I MUST FIND SOMEONE TO REPLACE HIM!
MANAGER'S OFFICE

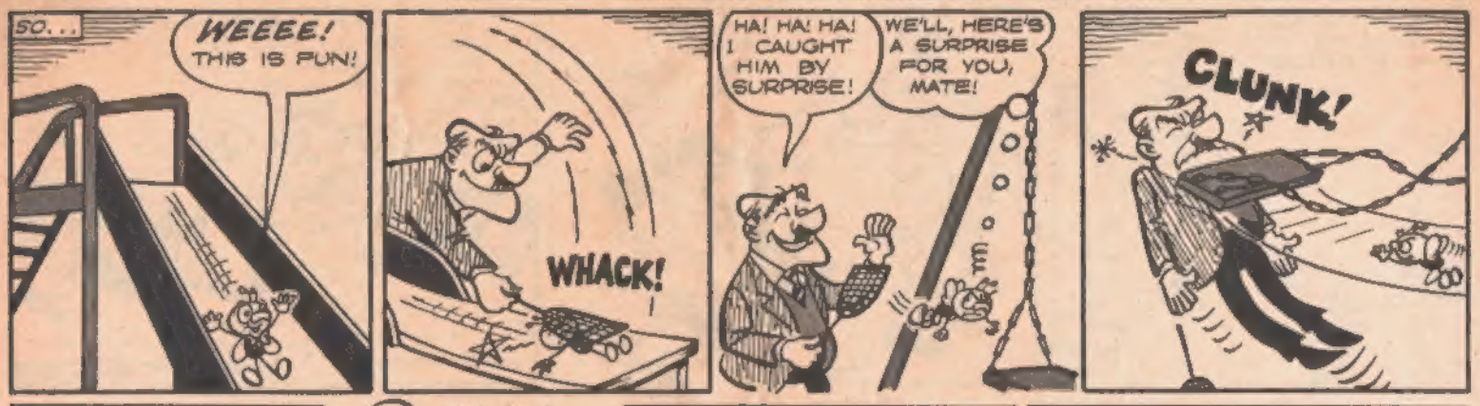


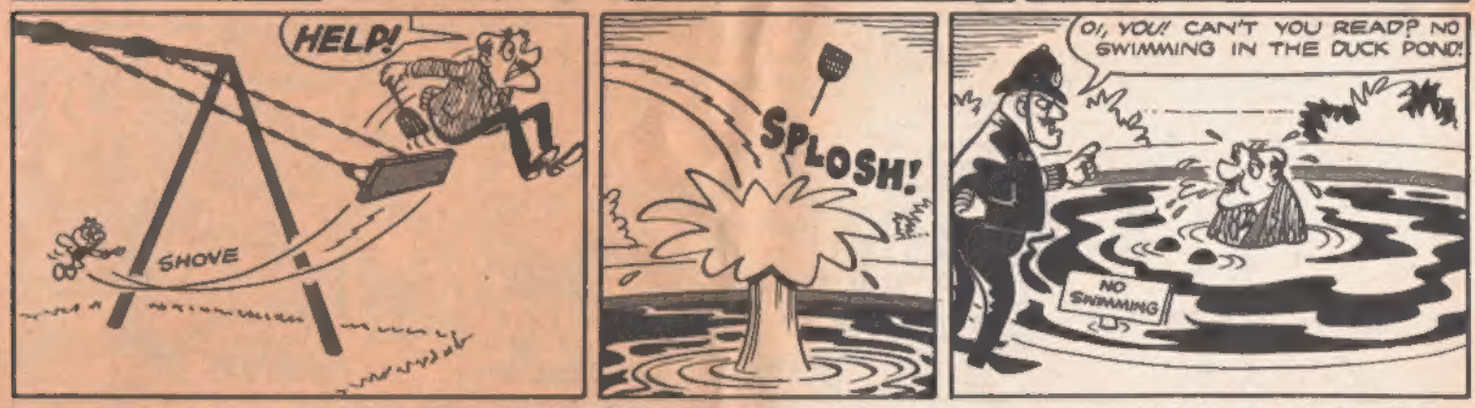


Next week Buttons makes a dummy out of Hoppit

MIGHTY MOTH


EAT MY BEST JACKET, WOULD YOU? JUST LET ME GET AT YOU!
HA! HA! HA! HE! HE! HE! POOR OLD DAD CAN'T CATCH ME!
I THINK I'LL PLAY OVER AT THE CHILDREN'S PLAYGROUND!
I KNOW! I'LL FOLLOW HIM! MAYBE I CAN GET A WHACK AT HIM WHILE HE'S NOT LOOKING!

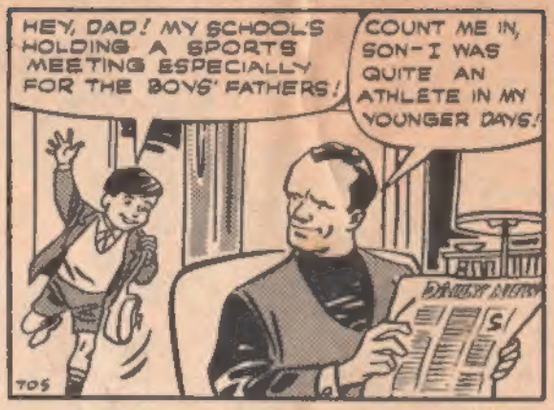


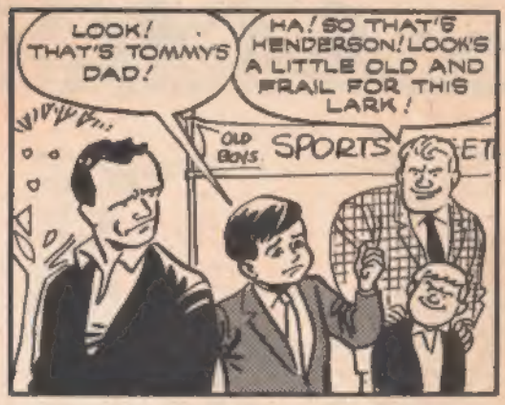


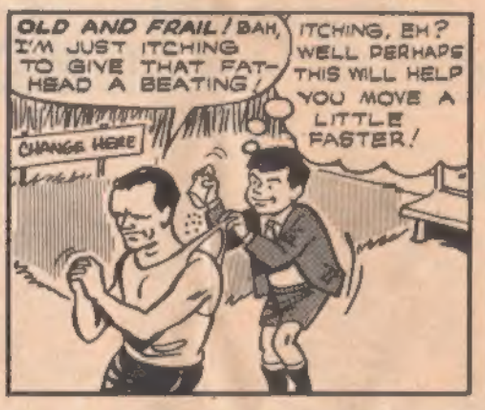
BUT I WASN'T SWIMMING, OFFICER I WAS PUSHED IN FROM A SWING!
OH YOU WERE, WERE YOU? AND WHAT DOES THAT NOTICE SAY?
ANY PERSON OVER THE AGE OF 15 FOUND ON THE SWINGS WILL BE PROSECUTED
I CAN'T WIN! HE'S GOT ME BOTH WAYS!
HO! HO! HO!

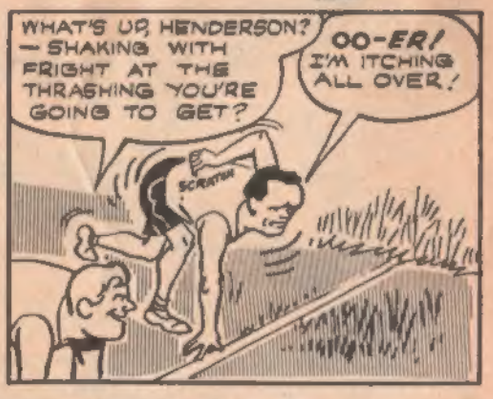
Next week Dad starts to puff and pant, when he's picked up by an elephant

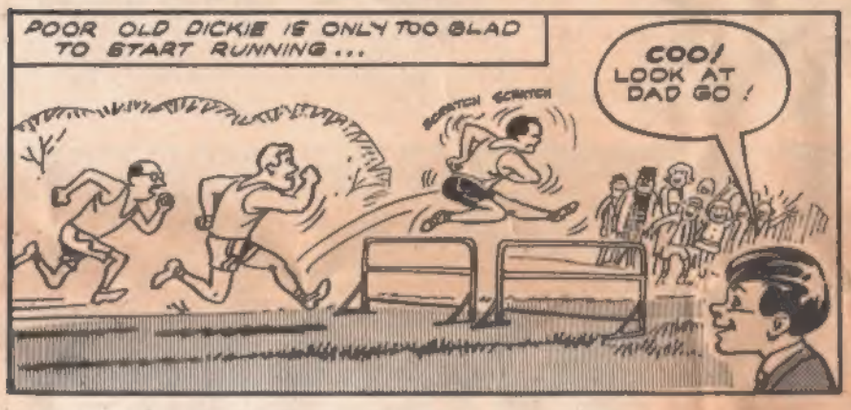
THE DICKIE HENDERSON FAMILY

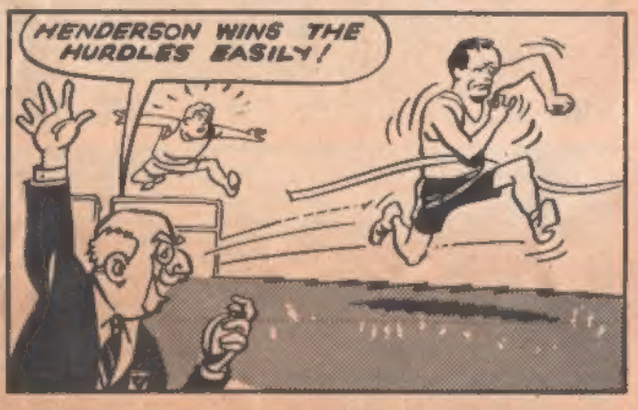

HEY, DAD! MY SCHOOL'S HOLDING A SPORTS MEETING ESPECIALLY FOR THE BOYS' FATHERS!
COUNT ME IN, SON - I WAS QUITE AN ATHLETE IN MY YOUNGER DAYS!
TOS

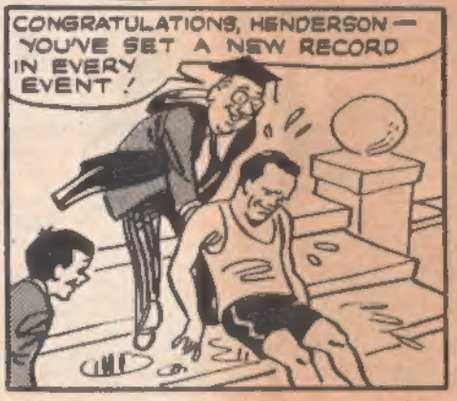



OLD AND FRAIL! BAH, I'M JUST ITCHING TO GIVE THAT FAT-HEAD A BEATING
ITCHING, EH? WELL PERHAPS THIS WILL HELP YOU MOVE A LITTLE FASTER!
CHANGE HERE









Based on the Rediffusion Television series "The Dickie Henderson Show".

More family fun next week

SPACE PATROL

by Roberta Leigh

CAPTAIN LARRY DART is on Planet Flora, where the plants have enslaved the crews of two spaceships, and also the crew of Galasphere 347. Captain Dart is trying to reach Galasphere, but is suddenly surrounded by a swirling cloud of white fluff . . .

UNLESS THIS STUFF BURNS, I'M DONE FOR!

GASPING FOR AIR, CAPTAIN DART MANAGES TO REACH HIS POCKET LIGHTER . . .

HE SPARKS A FLAME . . .

. . . AND IN ONE BLAZING INSTANT, THE DELICATE WHITE FLUFF AROUND HIM IS CONSUMED BY FIRE!

CAPTAIN DART IS ABLE TO STUMBLE THROUGH THE SCORCHING HEAT . . .

. . . TOWARDS THE COOL SAFETY OF GALASPHERE 347.

THAT WAS A HOT MOMENT, BUT IT WAS WORTH IT TO ESCAPE!

NOW I MUST RESCUE PROFESSOR HAGGARTY AND THE OTHERS, AND THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO DO IT!

DART'S IDEA IS TO FLY GALASPHERE 347 ABOVE THE PLANTS THAT WOULD OTHERWISE DO HIM HARM . . .

. . . AND SO HE BRINGS IT ABOVE THE HILL ON WHICH HIS FRIENDS ARE HELD PRISONER BY THE TERRIBLE PLANTS . . .

HUSKY HEARS THE GALASPHERE, AND LOOKS UP FROM HIS TOIL . . .

THE CAPTAIN HAS REACHED GALASPHERE 347— AND HE'S GOING BACK HOME WITHOUT US!

BUT HUSKY HAS MISTAKEN HIS LEADER'S PLAN, AND HAGGARTY'S BOOMING VOICE, CHEERS HOPE INTO ALL THE CAPTIVES!

NO, HUSKY! HE'S GOING TO LAND HERE . . . HE'S COMING TO RESCUE US, TO BE SURE HE IS! COME ON, LADS!

IT IS NO EASY MATTER FOR DART TO LAND THE HUGE SHIP ON THE NARROW MOUNTAIN PEAK . . .

HE'S DONE IT, ME BHOY-OS! THREE CHEERS FOR THE CAPTAIN!

BUT THE PLANTS DO NOT INTEND TO LOSE THEIR PRISONERS SO EASILY . . .

OOOCH!

HELP HIM ALONG, SLIM, BUT DON'T STOP, OR WE'LL NEVER REACH THE GALASPHERE!

IS EVERYONE ABOARD?

JUST ABOUT, CAPTAIN!

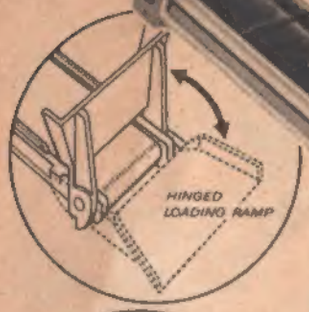
THEN THE HATCHES ARE CLOSED, AND WITH ITS OWN CREW AND THE MEN IT CAME TO RESCUE SAFELY ABOARD, GALASPHERE 347 BIDS A HASTY FAREWELL TO PLANET FLORA . . .

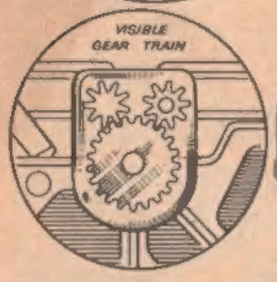
. . . THE WORLD WHERE MEN BECAME THE FRIGHTENED SLAVES OF FLOWERS!

© WONDERAMA PRODUCTIONS LTD., 1965

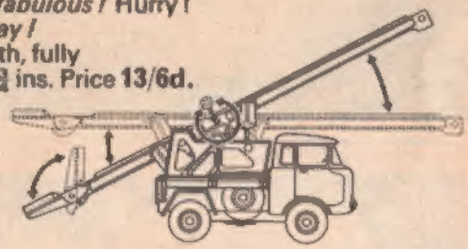
Don't miss the new super thrills in next week's Space Patrol.

A NEW, REALISTIC, WORKING CORGI MODEL





WORKING CONVEYOR *on Forward Control Jeep F.C.-150.*
It's here—one of the *greatest ever* Corgi models! Watch the realistic gear train and mechanically operated belts move smoothly into action, carrying the load high across the hinged booms. *It's fabulous!* Hurry! Buy one *today!*
No. 64 Length, fully extended: 7¾ ins. Price **13/6d.**



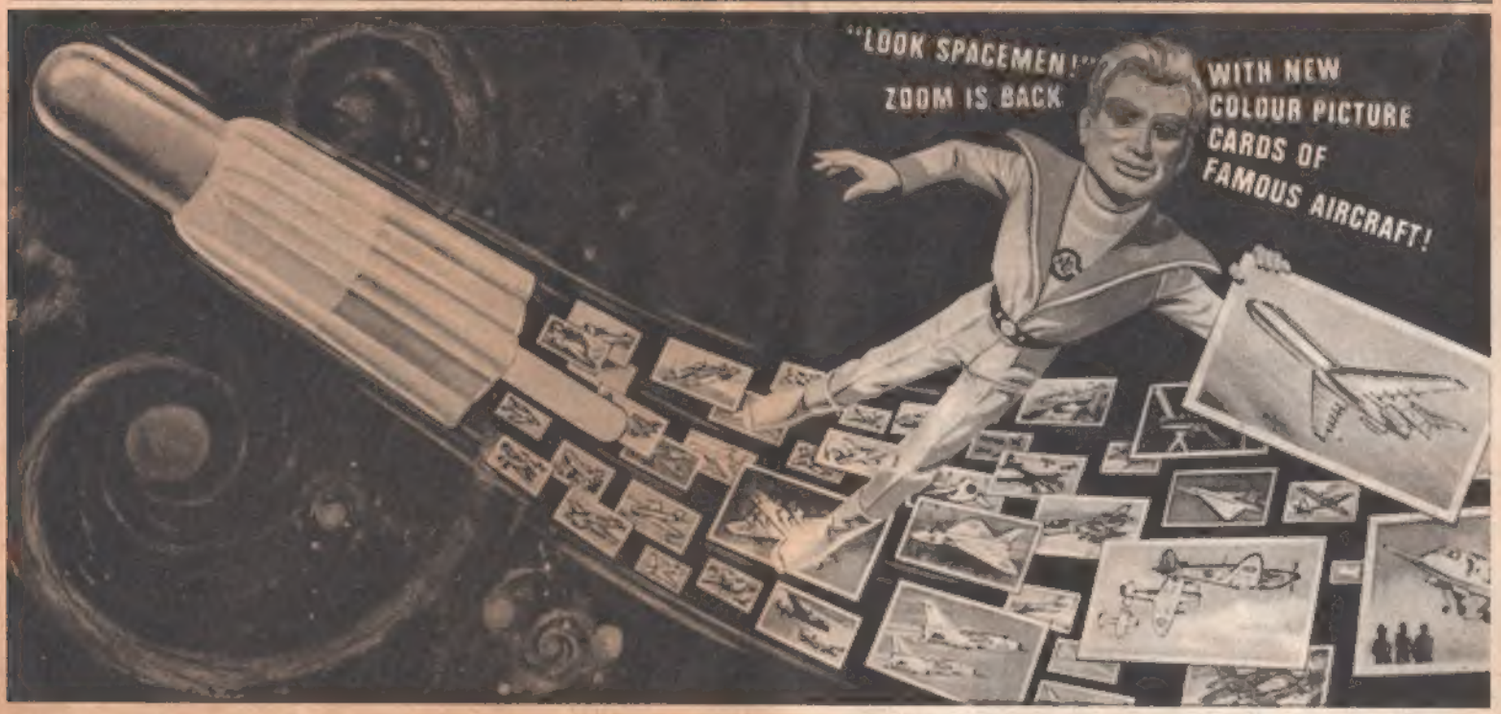
ALSO NEW!

CHEVROLET TAXI CAB
With plated radiator and trim, driver, seats, steering wheel and spring suspension.
No. 480 Length 4¼ ins. Price **5/6d.**

CHEVROLET FIRE CHIEF
With plated radiator and trim, seats, steering wheel, spring suspension and two figures.
No. 482 Length: 4¼ ins. Price **5/6d.**

IN YOUR CORGI SHOP NOW!

CORGI TOYS
PRECISION DIE-CAST SCALE MODELS

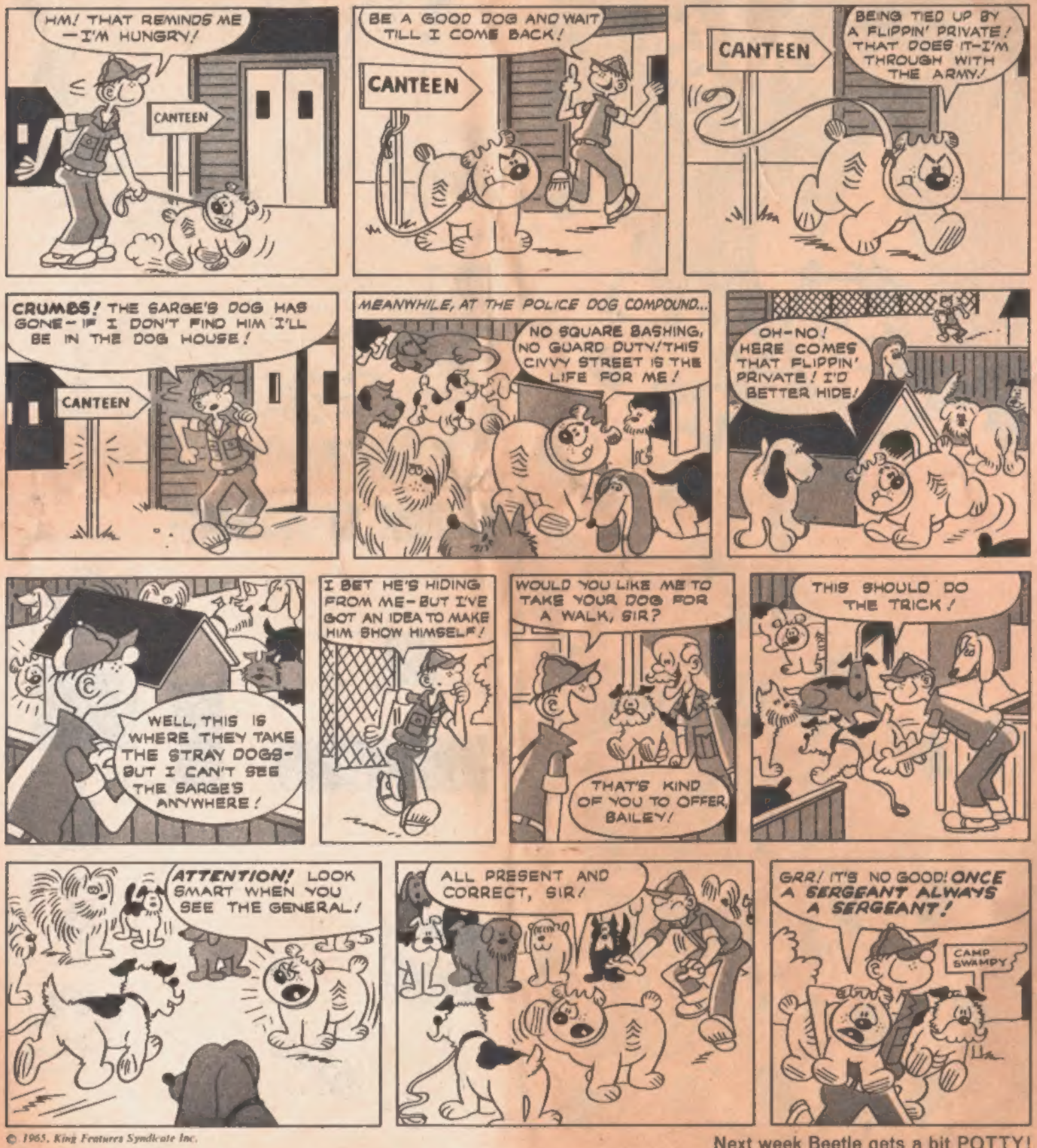


ZOOM

3 NEW FLAVOUR STAGES RASPBERRY/PINEAPPLE/LIME
Get ZOOM wherever you see this sign
Lyons Maid

GET YOUR ZOOM ALBUM TODAY!
To get your super Zoom Album just post this coupon to Steve Zodiac, together with 9d. in stamps or P.O.
To: Steve Zodiac Glacier House Hammersmith W6
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

BEETLE BAILEY


BUSY DOING NOTHING AS USUAL, BAILEY? WELL, YOU CAN TAKE MY DOG FOR A WALK!
MAKE SURE YOU LOOK AFTER HIM, BAILEY! LOSE HIM AND I'LL BE ON YOUR BACK LIKE A TON OF BRICKS!
HM! THAT REMINDS ME — I'M HUNGRY!
CANTEEN
BE A GOOD DOG AND WAIT TILL I COME BACK!
CANTEEN
CANTEEN
BEING TIED UP BY A FLIPPIN' PRIVATE! THAT DOES IT — I'M THROUGH WITH THE ARMY!
CRUMBS! THE SARGE'S DOG HAS GONE — IF I DON'T FIND HIM I'LL BE IN THE DOG HOUSE!
CANTEEN
MEANWHILE, AT THE POLICE DOG COMPOUND...
NO SQUARE BASHING, NO GUARD DUTY! THIS CIVVY STREET IS THE LIFE FOR ME!
OH — NO! HERE COMES THAT FLIPPIN' PRIVATE! I'D BETTER HIDE!
WELL, THIS IS WHERE THEY TAKE THE STRAY DOGS — BUT I CAN'T SEE THE SARGE'S ANYWHERE!
I BET HE'S HIDING FROM ME — BUT I'VE GOT AN IDEA TO MAKE HIM SHOW HIMSELF!
WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO TAKE YOUR DOG FOR A WALK, SIR?
THAT'S KIND OF YOU TO OFFER, BAILEY!
THIS SHOULD DO THE TRICK!
ATTENTION! LOOK SMART WHEN YOU SEE THE GENERAL!
ALL PRESENT AND CORRECT, SIR!
GRR! IT'S NO GOOD! ONCE A SERGEANT ALWAYS A SERGEANT!
CAMP SWAMPY

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Next week Beetle gets a bit POTTY!

SURPRISE! SURPRISE!

NEW CHICLETS TINY SIZE!

150 pieces of fruit flavoured chewing gum

AND ALL FOR 6D

PICK OF THE JOKES

Win a £1 Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

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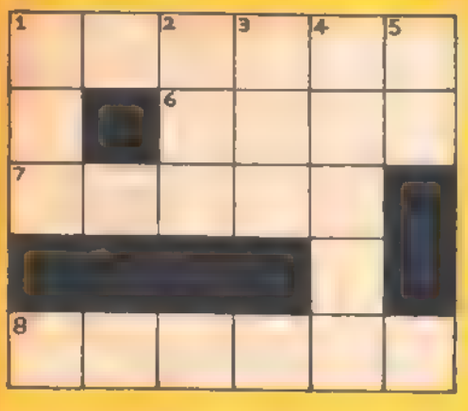
NEVILLE MAIN

PICTURE CROSSWORD



CLUES ACROSS

1

6 MIX UP

7 SHE LOOKS AFTER

8

CLUES DOWN

1

2 X10

3

4 A IS

5

ANSWERS ON PAGE 13

ORLANDO

ORLANDO raced along the hotel corridor. Banging at the door of room No. 113 he turned the handle and charged inside. It was the room that had been allotted to Granpa Grainger and his grandson, Jack.

Orlando was on the trail of a crook named Spike. Spike had dashed into the hotel with a bag full of stolen money. He was after his passport and papers so that he could make a getaway to France. But Orlando was hot on his trail.

So was Streaky, who was always helpful. The tall, thin boy sprang out of the lift as it reached the fifth floor, and he looked around as Orlando had done. Then he spotted that the door of Granpa's room was open, and he started towards it.

At that moment the crook appeared suddenly from a door farther along the corridor. Spike halted as he saw Streaky, then whipped out his gun.

"Outa my way!" he snarled.

Without thinking, Streaky turned the handle of the door beside him and dived inside. Loud yells came from a nervous old lady in bed.

"Help! Murder! Police!"

Poor Streaky staggered out again. He had not meant to frighten the old lady. As it happened, he emerged just as Spike was running along the corridor to the stairs—and Streaky and Spike had a collision.

The crook went headfirst down the stairs, the bag of money bouncing behind him, while Streaky went flat on his face.

It was in this position that Orlando found him as he came out of Granpa's room with Jack and Granpa following him. Orlando had explained in a few words what was happening, and Granpa was indignant that he should be supposed to be one of the crooks. All he had done was to pick up the wrong suitcase.

The suitcase had just reached the bottom of the stairs, and it bounced heavily on Spike's head. The crook looked dazed for a moment, then he gave a snarl and seized the bag.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Still clutching his gun, he fired wildly up the stairs at his pursuers; but Streaky was still flat on the floor, and Orlando knocked Granpa and Jack down as well, as he saw what Spike intended. At the same moment, the door of another room opened, and out came Jill, who had dressed hurriedly.

"Keep down!" yelled her brother Jack. "This is no place for girls."

It was the wrong thing to say. Jill was as excited as Jack at all the confusion, and she did not see why girls should be kept out of it. The result was that quite a crowd streamed down the stairway in pursuit of Spike.

Spike was furious. Grabbing the money-bag, he tore out to his car, and the engine roared as he pressed the starter. As the car surged forward, Orlando and his followers poured out of the hotel, and Streaky leapt for the starting handle of *Mad Moselle*.

The veteran car had no self-starter. It had to be swung to get it going. For all that, the engine banged into life as the crook's car got going, for Orlando had given it a good overhaul.

Orlando himself was at the wheel. Streaky jumped into the seat beside him, while Granpa and Jack and Jill swarmed into the back.

"Let her go!" cried Granpa. "Once upon a time, *Mad Moselle* could beat anything on the road!"

"I hope she hasn't forgotten how!" gasped Orlando.

The veteran car was not the only one in pursuit of the crook. As it jerked forward, a police car came to a halt behind it, the driver staring at the car that had just started without lights.

"What goes on?" he exclaimed.

"It's the guv'nor!" yelled Old Sam in the back. "That's *Mad Moselle*."

"What d'you mean—*Mad Moselle?*" hooted the police sergeant. "Are you trying to say Mademoiselle?"

"I dunno how to say it," groaned Old Sam, who had been arrested along with the crook known as Jigger. "All I know is that the guv'nor's in it, and he's trying to catch the real crook."

The driver and the sergeant blinked at each other. They had driven up to the hotel because they had found out that that was where the crooks had been staying. They knew nothing about Granpa and Jack and Jill.

But Sergeant Jackson soon made up his mind.

"After them!" he said to the driver. "Let's take a chance on it."

The police car shot forward—and thus began a chase that became rather complicated. The crook in front was trying to get away with the bag of stolen money. Close on his tail, Orlando and his friends were pursuing him in *Mad Moselle*. And behind *Mad Moselle*—a long way behind—the police car was after everybody because Sergeant Jackson did not know which was which!

But that was only the beginning of it. Sergeant Jackson was in radio contact with headquarters, and presently three more police cars joined in the chase. One of them nearly crashed into *Mad Moselle* as it joined the chase from a side turning, and the driver yelled in alarm.

"That fel er's got no lights!"

This was a fact, for Orlando had forgotten to light them. *Mad Moselle* had only oil lamps, and there was no time now to put a match to them. In darkness she tore on the trail of the crook, who was doing his best to keep ahead.

Slowly, however, the veteran car was overhauling him. Orlando had done a good job on *Mad Moselle*, and she was going like a machine-gun. The racket of her single-cylinder motor made some of the police think there was shooting going on, but there was no shooting until the crook began to get alarmed.

Firing wildly behind him, he switched his own lights out and swerved suddenly into a cart track. He hoped by this means to throw Orlando off the scent, but it was the worst mistake he could have made. For the cart track was only a rough trail to a farm, and the crook's modern little car had never been built for such a thing.

But *Mad Moselle* was just the car for the job. With her large artillery wheels she took the track as though she loved it, and Spike found the veteran rumbling after him like a tank. He gave a gulp as he fired his last bullet, then drove madly across a ploughed field.

After him went *Moselle*, loving it even more, although the bumps made her riders bounce into the air.

"Help!" cried Granpa, still absent-minded. "Fasten your safety belts!"

"We haven't any!" groaned Streaky. "Nor parachutes either!" he added as an extra bump shot him up into the air.

Spike was getting desperate. The field was on the side of a hill, and he drove straight down the slope not caring what was at the bottom. With a crunching sound his car shot on to a shingle beach, after which the crook suddenly found himself up to his neck in water.

He had driven right into the sea!

It was fortunate for him Orlando was close behind in *Mad Moselle*. *Moselle's* large wheels and high body enabled Orlando to drive her right alongside Spike's sinking vehicle. As the crook was struggling to get out of the door, Orlando reached over and helped him—only not very gently. In fact, he gave Spike a thump that nearly knocked the crook out: at the same time Streaky grabbed the money-bag the crook was still clutching.

Proudly Streaky handed it over to the police when Orlando had backed *Mad Moselle* up on the beach, *Moselle's* high engine still banging away. In the headlights of the police car Sergeant Jackson examined the money, then blinked at Granpa and all the others.

"There's a big reward out for this," he said. "Which one of you lot found it?"

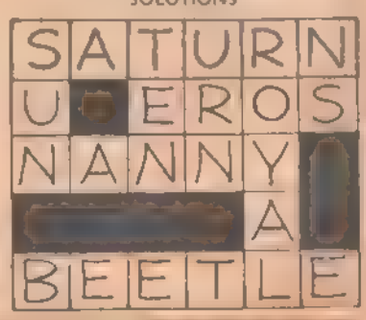
That was a problem. Everyone seemed to have done something. Even Streaky had been helpful!

"I know!" Jill exclaimed. "Let's share it! Then we can all go for a holiday in that lovely hovercraft."

Streaky grinned happily. He felt he could be very "helpful" on board a hovercraft . . .

MORE ORLANDO NEXT WEEK

PICTURE CROSSWORD SOLUTIONS



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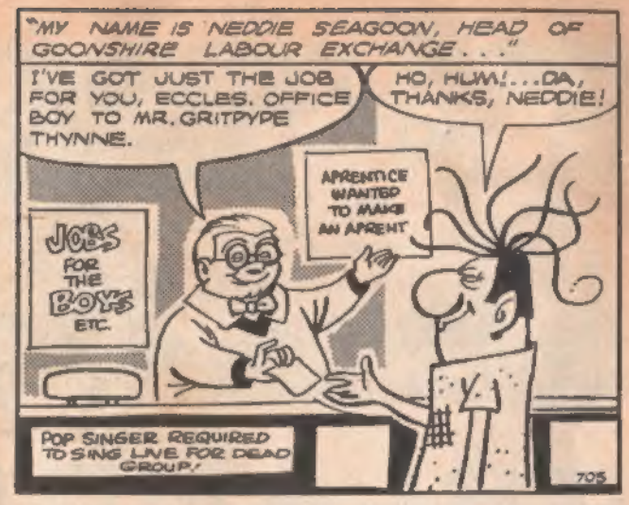
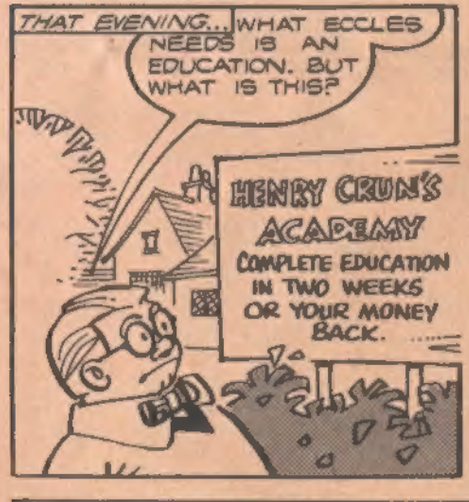
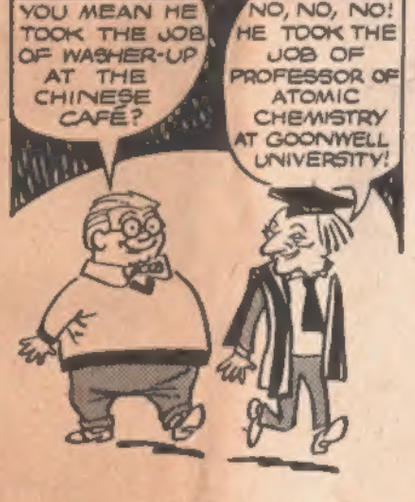
THE TELEGOONS

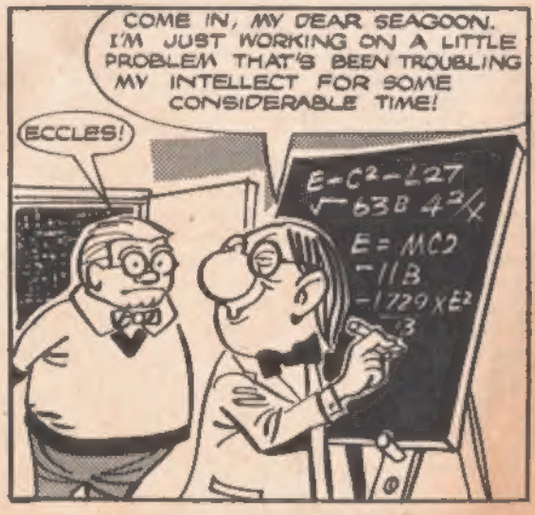

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, HEAD OF GOONSHIRE LABOUR EXCHANGE..."
I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB FOR YOU, ECCLES. OFFICE BOY TO MR. GRITPYPE THYNNE.
HO, HUM!...DA, THANKS, NEDDIE!
APRENTICE WANTED TO MAKE AN APRENT
JOBS FOR THE BOYS ETC.
POP SINGER REQUIRED TO SING LIVE FOR DEAD GROUP!
705

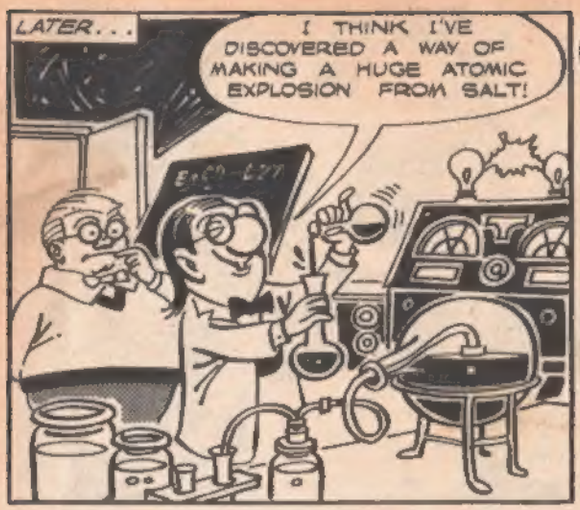
BUT... WHAT SORT OF OFFICE BOY ARE YOU? YOU'RE TAKING LETTERS OUT FROM THE 'IN' TRAY AND BRINGING THEM IN FROM THE 'OUT' TRAY!
DA... WELL I DON'T READ VERY WELL, SIR.
IN
OUT

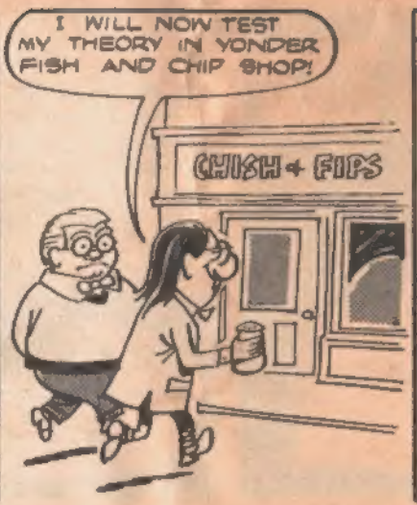
I'VE BEEN FIRED, NEDDIE! GOT ANY MORE JOBS?
THE ONLY JOB FOR AN IDIOT LIKE YOU IS A CHOP STICK WASHER AT U FLU HI'S CHINESE TYPE ORIENTAL CAFÉ.

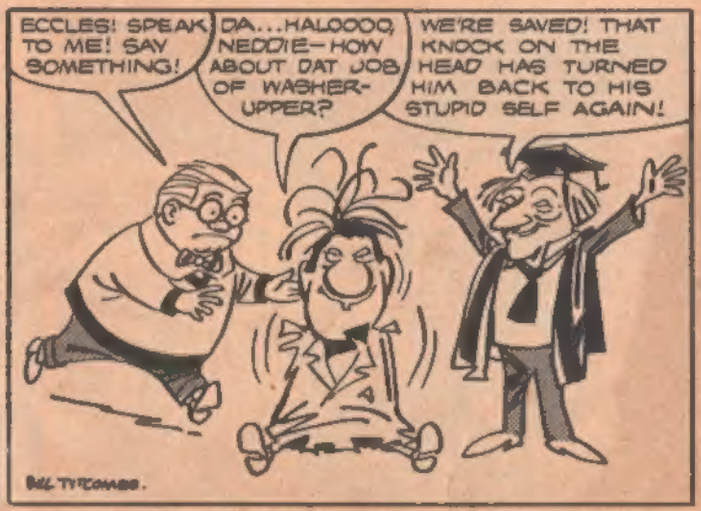

THAT EVENING... WHAT ECCLES NEEDS IS AN EDUCATION. BUT WHAT IS THIS?
HENRY CRUN'S ACADEMY
COMPLETE EDUCATION IN TWO WEEKS OR YOUR MONEY BACK.


YOU MEAN HE TOOK THE JOB OF WASHER-UP AT THE CHINESE CAFÉ?
NO, NO, NO! HE TOOK THE JOB OF PROFESSOR OF ATOMIC CHEMISTRY AT GOONWELL UNIVERSITY!








ECCLES! SPEAK TO ME! SAY SOMETHING!
DA...HALOOOO, NEDDIE—HOW ABOUT DAT JOB OF WASHER-UPPER?
WE'RE SAVED! THAT KNOCK ON THE HEAD HAS TURNED HIM BACK TO HIS STUPID SELF AGAIN!
BILL TYTCOMBE.

There's an-ice load of laughter in next week's Telegoons

THE Milky Bar Kid and Smithy are trying to rescue Cousin Jane who has been kidnapped by the Murphy Gang.

I'M GOING TO BLOCK UP THE CHIMNEY WITH MY SHIRT AND TRY TO DRIVE THE GANG OUT THE FRONT WAY!
I GET IT! THEN WE GET JANE OUT THROUGH THIS BACK WINDOW.

A FEW MINUTES LATER THE MURPHY GANG ARE FORCED OUT OF THE SHACK, CHOKING WITH THE FUMES...
AAARRRGH!... THAT STOVE... WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH IT?

More Milky Bar Kid thrills next week.

WYATT HOWARTH